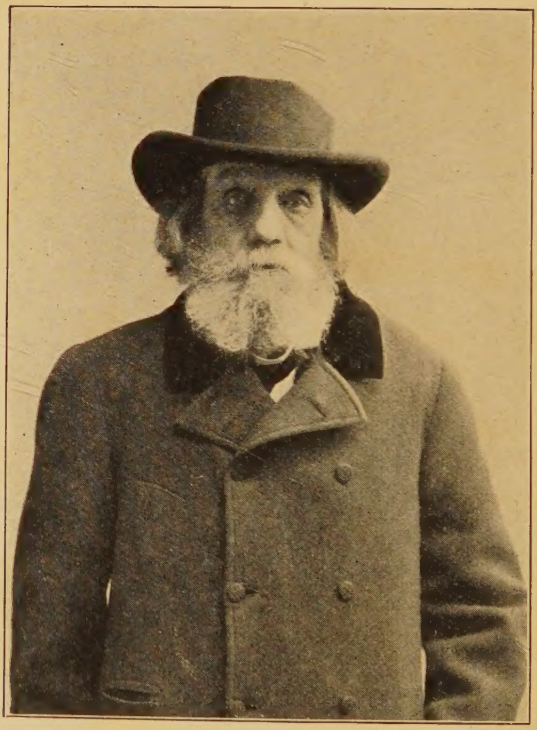

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

# THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDITED BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY, A.M.,
AUTHOR OF "WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT"

# RIP VAN WINKLE

BY

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EDITED BY FLORENCE J. PARKER, TEACHER OF ENGLISH
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# INTRODUCTION

## EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the well-known Unitarian minister, philanthropist, and author of *The Man Without a Country*, was born in Boston on April 23, 1822. His father, Nathan Hale, belonged to the same family as the patriot of that name who was hanged as a spy by the British in the Revolution. He was a well-to-do and respected citizen of Boston, prominent in the business and financial world, and the first owner and editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, a newspaper still published in that city. The author's mother, Sarah Preston Everett, was a cultivated woman who loved books and who was interested in all the intellectual and educational movements and questions of the day.

Thus her son grew up in that atmosphere of transcendentalism and humanitarian sentiment which enveloped the Massachusetts capital and transformed the little commercial city of colonial times into a center of ardent, if somewhat vague, spiritual life. There every one was eager to learn, and to apply his learning at once to doing good. Dr. Channing and the Unitarians taught that man was susceptible of indefinite development, and this generous doctrine of perfectibility was eagerly embraced, while its application was made with boundless optimism and a practical Yankee impatience for immediate results. Naturally such an environment had its effect upon the boy, and his character shaped itself insensibly in response to the influences that surrounded him. All his life he remained an embodiment of the Boston spirit of the '30's and '40's, with an intense idealism which made him seek to uplift life in every

department, from personal conduct in the humblest sphere, to politics and the great public concerns of the nation. Cheerfulness, hopefulness, and helpfulness may be described as the three cardinal virtues that he practised and preached. His patriotism was of a religious and ethical order, in essence not unlike that of the Hebrew prophets; and in him, despite his broader cultivation, we see one of the last leaders and representatives of that Puritan race of New England for whom the Bible was almost the only source of those ideas and sentiments that shape life for a people.

Nearly as precocious as Bryant, Dr. Hale who, also, received his first instruction from his father, finished the course at the Boston Latin School and entered Harvard at the age of thirteen. An account of his school and college experience is contained in his volume entitled *A New England Boyhood*, which is full of interesting sidelights on conditions in Boston and Cambridge three-quarters of a century ago. After his graduation in 1839, he taught for two years in the Latin School, acted as his father's secretary, filled the position of sub-editor on the *Advertiser*, and made a geological survey of New Hampshire with a friend. While engaged in these varied activities, he found time to study theology, and in 1842 he was licensed to preach by the Unitarian body known as the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. After supplying vacant pulpits for four years, he went to Worcester, where he was pastor of the Church of the Unity from 1846 to 1856.

Dr. Hale had the broadest conception of the Christian ministry and of his own duties as the pastor of a city church. He once wrote: "The man who is to preach to men of affairs must live among them, read what they read, and, to a certain extent, know what they know." He "must do active work for the improvement of the people around him, be the minister of the town as well as of one particular parish." Accordingly in Worcester he took an active part in local affairs and in the affairs of the nation. He

helped found the Worcester Public Library; was a member, with Samuel Gridley Howe and other prominent Massachusetts men, of the Emigrant Aid Committee during the troubles in Kansas; and wrote a series of public letters on Irish immigration which helped to shape legislation on that subject.

Writing always played an important part in his wider ministry. He had learned to set type in his father's office, and, fond of scribbling, he had early discovered in himself a faculty for literary expression. This was developed and disciplined by his work at the editorial desk, where he wrote articles on the annexation of Texas and other matters of moment. But he never allowed literature to become his dominant interest. He said late in life: "My vocation, first, second, and last, is that of a minister of the gospel. My avocation has been literature." Usually what he wrote had a definite didactic purpose. Instead of imposing a check upon him, this utilization of literature as a medium of moral instruction was admirably adapted to the kind of talent he possessed; and his most successful books and stories, like *Ten Times One is Ten*, *In His Name*, and even *The Man Without a Country*, were those in which the intention of edification was most apparent. The impact of the ideas and suggestions contained in them often produced immediate results in the formation of societies of large and widely extended membership, like "In His Name," and the "Harry Wadsworth" or "Lend-a-Hand" Clubs.

In 1852 Dr. Hale married, and in 1856 he came to Boston, where he succeeded the late Rev. Frederick Dan Huntington—afterwards Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York—as pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church. Here he remained the rest of his life, making his pulpit the center of an influence that gradually spread out over the entire country. His work as an editor tended greatly to increase the scope of this influence, and he was connected with many periodicals at various times of his

life. Of these, the one with which he was most closely identified, and which became best known to the public at large under his direct, personal management, was, perhaps, *Old and New*, a literary magazine that had the support of the Unitarian societies in Boston, and that was finally purchased and absorbed by *Scribner's Magazine*, now *The Century*. Among the other publications that he edited or helped to edit, were the organs of certain of the societies that he had been instrumental in founding, like the *Lend-a-Hand Record*.

He was also from the first a counsellor of the Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circles, and had much to do with their rapid rise and wide extension. Nor was he interested exclusively in popular educational movements. He always maintained a close association with Harvard, which in 1879 conferred upon him the degree of S.T.D., and which also elected him an Overseer and made him president of the local branch of Phi Beta Kappa. These honors accurately reflect the estimation in which he was held in the Commonwealth, and which led to the bestowal of other honors upon him, including his appointment as Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission for International Justice.

Although not a great pulpit orator, Dr. Hale was a popular preacher who attracted and held his listeners by his earnestness, sincerity, and simplicity. Given a great national crisis such as arose during the Civil War, he could stimulate patriotic enthusiasm to a high pitch, and deepen the public sense of the moral and spiritual issues involved in the struggle. In times of peace, he emphasized the importance of good works, and encouraged collective effort and co-operation. He laid particular stress upon the practical aspects of Christianity, its value as a code of conduct for the individual and the state, and its manifestation as a living force in society. He sincerely believed that the world was steadily growing better, and his appeal, in whatever form it was made, was ever to hasten the advent of

the era of human peace and perfection. It was this positive and reassuring spirit of his message that, at bottom, gave him his place and his prestige as a national leader. Recognition of both was indicated by his appointment, in 1903, as chaplain of the United States Senate, which position he held up to the day of his death, June 10, 1909.

Some years ago a collected edition of Dr. Hale's works was published in ten volumes, but this by no means includes all that he wrote, much of which was of a purely ephemeral nature, since it dealt largely with matters of contemporary interest. He produced articles and stories in great profusion and with little effort, since writing with him was a relaxation rather than an exacting effort. In addition he produced a number of histories, biographies, and books of travel. For some of these he made careful preparation, as in the case of *Philip Nolan's Friends*, which required extensive researches in fields neglected by the historians. In the latter part of his life, he recorded his reminiscences in several volumes of a semi-autobiographic character. One of these is *A New England Boyhood*, already mentioned. Another is *Memories of a Hundred Years*, which deals with the interests and activities of maturity. To these two books the student is referred for a more intimate acquaintance with the man and his career.

## THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

*The Man Without a Country* was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1863.[1] The fact that it appeared anonymously proves nothing, as all articles in *The Atlantic* were unsigned at that time. There are, however, other indications that both author and publisher intended it to be taken as a true story. Probably they felt that the moral of patriotism it conveyed would be brought home to the reader with greater force of conviction, if the strange case of Philip Nolan were presented as an actual occurrence rather than as a piece of pure fiction. The story was therefore, in a sense, a literary hoax, differing from other hoaxes that American authors and editors had been fond of perpetrating on the public (of which Poe's "Balloon Hoax" is the best known example) primarily in the seriousness and elevation of its purpose. *The Man Without a Country* was meant not so much to deceive the credulous, as to stimulate, by means of a striking example, a sentiment of which there was the greatest need at the time when the story was written and published.

The country was then in the throes of the Civil War, and the Federal Government was straining every fiber to put into the field armies capable of turning the tide of a conflict whose long duration and indecisive results had tried the patience of even the well disposed. It is clear now that the battle of Gettysburg and the taking of Vicksburg, both of which occurred earlier in the same year, marked the turning point of the war, but their critical significance was naturally less apparent at the time; so that, while there

[1] Later in book form, *The Man Without a Country, and Other Tales*, Boston, 1868.

was great rejoicing at these triumphs of the Northern arms, there was little cessation of the criticism directed against the policies of Lincoln and of his generals and advisers. A strong party was preparing to oppose the re-election of the President the following year, and the possibility of a peace or truce of some sort was widely discussed. Hence *The Man Without a Country* was, in another sense, a political tract or pamphlet, designed to renew the flagging inspiration of patriotism and to cause the spirit of devotion and sacrifice to rise above self-interest and factional dissensions.

It is, of course, impossible to estimate the precise degree of influence exerted by a piece of literature among a thousand other influences all exerted in the same direction. Judging, however, by the success of the story, and by the number and character of the letters received by the author when his name became known, it undeniably produced a profound impression, and may well have acted decisively in the case of many waverers and malcontents. Dr. Hale himself wrote many years afterwards: "This story of Philip Nolan was written in the darkest period of the Civil War, to show what love of country is. There were persons then who thought that if their advice had been taken there need have been no Civil War. There were persons whose everyday pursuits were greatly deranged by the Civil War. It proved that the lesson was gladly received. I have had letters from men who read it as they were lying in our blockade squadrons off the mouths of Southern harbors. I have had letters from men who read it soon after the Vicksburg campaign. And in other ways I have had many illustrations of its having been of use in what I have a right to call the darkest period of the Republic."

Obviously the success of the story was not primarily a literary success, but there were none the less literary elements in it. It owed its instantaneous effect in this country, in large measure, to the excited and inflammatory state

of public feeling at the time. But the curious fact that it was, at first, even more widely reprinted in England than in America, and that it has since been translated into several foreign languages, proves that, if the lesson which it taught was not merely of local but of universal significance, the form through which this lesson was inculcated had also its appeal, an appeal to the imagination. Had the author been less an artist, had he possessed slighter skill as a writer of fiction, had he, in short, written a sermon instead of a poetic and imaginative short story, he would hardly have had the kind or the degree of success which came to him. He would not then have moved men as he did, setting their blood tingling, and stirring a secret shame in the souls of recalcitrants and time-servers everywhere, even in those lands where there was no great national crisis to prepare a special and heightened emotional state. Above all, it would not have endured as a literary masterpiece long after it had served its didactic purpose. For *The Man Without a Country* does not survive to-day on sentimental grounds alone, like more than one national song written and sung in times of great stress and thus treasured by virtue of its associations and in spite of its lyrical shortcomings, but by its intrinsic right to be included among the most effective stories this country has produced.

Imperfections it unquestionably has. Told with a certain ease and felicity that denote the born story-teller and some acquired knowledge of the craft, it is, still, not the work of a subtle intelligence, or of a refined artistic instinct. The materials are common, the workmanship is coarse, though not crude, and while there is truth, there is no delicate shading in the analysis or in the descriptions. But there is unmistakable creative genius at work here, though it has behind it merely the force of a moral emotion tempered with sympathy, a feeling for dramatic effect, and a sense of humor.

What, on the surface, would seem to be its greatest defect,

if we were to judge such a work by the standards of veracity and common sense, is in reality the principal source of its strength considered as a work of the imagination. This is the patent impossibility of the situation. The author himself admitted that not only was there no such man as Philip Nolan, but that there never could have been such a man. To quote an earlier editor: "The Constitution does not permit the infliction of unusual and inhuman punishment, and there was something grotesque in the idea of a young man suffering such an awful penalty, for, in a hasty moment, damning the Union and expressing the hope that he might never hear of it again. At the time of the appearance of the sketch, several million men were . . . striving to the utmost to destroy that Union, and yet, very properly, the government magnanimously forgave every one of those fellows after their failure. In the case of Philip Nolan the punishment did not fit the crime."

This is all perfectly reasonable and true. But why, then, is it that this patent impossibility does not in the least destroy our pleasure in the story, or interfere with our acceptance of it in spite of the clear disregard of obvious facts? The answer is simple. There is a sentiment of ideal justice that is far more deeply and firmly implanted in us than are the decrees of the most civilized and humane codes. It may be admitted that Philip Nolan's punishment was far in excess of his deserts, that it was barbarous, and could never have been inflicted upon him under the laws of this country. Nevertheless there was an *appropriateness* in it, that makes us overlook every other consideration. If there was no fitness in the degree, there was a fitness in the kind, of punishment meted out to him. It was suggested by the crime, hence it had a kind of organic relation with the crime, and completed it. Nolan cursed his country, said that he wished he might never hear of it again, so he was condemned to have his wish fulfilled.

This is the miraculous way things happen in fairy stories.

and it is precisely because they do happen thus, because the greedy are turned into pigs, the rapacious into wolves, beautiful enchantresses into evil old witches, all with the touch of a magic wand, that fairy stories retain their hold upon the imagination in all ages. Popular legends display the same element of poetic justice. One has to recall but a single instance of a favorite theme for poetry and for music, in order to realize how readily the mind will accept the most grotesque fancies as the material of art if only they fulfil certain ideal conditions. This is the story of the "Flying Dutchman." Every one knows about the old Dutch skipper who tried in vain to round the Cape of Good Hope in a heavy head gale, and who finally, in his rage at being balked, swore a great oath that he would keep on trying if it took him all eternity. Every one knows, too, the fatal results of his blasphemy, how he was overheard, how he was doomed to persist forever in his vain attempt, and how sailors in those southern waters still expect to see, and often believe that they have actually seen, the dreaded apparition of "the phantom ship" cross their path. Clearly the motive of the "Flying Dutchman" legend is precisely that of *The Man Without a Country*, the only difference being that, in the latter human agencies are substituted for the old supernatural machinery, and that, in the place of a mysterious power that pronounces the curse and effects its operation, we have the recognized authority of the United States Government exercised through the ordinary channels of military justice.

But the difference is a vital one, and this attempt to translate a fantastic fable into terms of real life might easily have produced a feeble failure. It is one thing to accept the workings of ideal justice when the circumstances are equally ideal, and when there are no embarrassing questions of fact to confront us. It is quite another to accept them when they involve the violation of conditions with which we are all familiar. If the story succeeds, it is because

of the manner in which it is told. For, while idealistic in conception, it is thoroughly realistic in its method of treatment. Even after the name of the author was divulged in the annual index of *The Atlantic*, there were many who, for a long time, believed that the events and persons were real, even if the form in which the facts were presented was fictitious. Even to-day something of this feeling still persists, so that one who reads the story for the first time can with difficulty divest himself of the idea of its truth. This is partly because Dr. Hale has dexterously interwoven the historical and the imaginary in such a way as to make one fabric of the whole, and partly because he has so well sustained the very style and tone of a true narrative covering a series of episodes extending over a long period of time, and included in the personal experience of no one observer. The narrator does not pretend to know all the circumstances, admits that he has an imperfect recollection of some matters and has merely been informed of others, leaves gaps, makes digressions, and, in short, apparently affords complete and conclusive evidence that he is not only not inventing the story, but is scrupulously rejecting any detail that may possibly have been invented as an embellishment. Such reserve is not characteristic of one who is telling a story purely for literary effect, and striving after order and completeness, form and finish.

Moreover, the language and the phraseology are precisely those that would be employed by a retired naval officer like the Ingham who is supposed to be telling the story, and who writes just as he would talk, or would write, if he were attempting, not to create a piece of literature—in which event he would probably become self-conscious and stilted—but merely to present a plain statement of certain facts which he believed it his duty to make public. Hence there slip into his style the numerous little inelegancies, the technical and colloquial expressions, the images derived from his professional knowledge and experience, the bits of

foreign languages so easily picked up by one who has sailed all seas and visited all countries, the awkward idioms, and so on, which are commonly to be noted in the writing of one whose impressions are strong and vivid, but who has had no literary training. Of course, all this is largely on the surface, but it is nicely calculated to throw dust in the eyes of the ordinary, uncritical reader and to blind him to the evidences of a practised hand that are furnished by many vivid bits of description and of dramatic action. There are passages of extraordinary effectiveness and power where, in a sentence or two, the author gives the essence of what would make a whole chapter in a longer work. Such economy and condensation are not achieved by an entire novice, but the raciness which is their result seems well in keeping with the character of the narrator and so is unhesitatingly accepted as one more test of authenticity.

On this realistic side of his art, Dr. Hale had as a model, or at least as a predecessor and prototype, the writer who may be called the father of the modern novel, Daniel Defoe. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was the acknowledged master of all those arts whose end it is to introduce an air of verisimilitude into a fictitious narrative. And if the situation of Philip Nolan in his little cabin on shipboard reminds the reader—as it does the author—of Crusoe's isolation in the Pacific, so the plain, unvarnished record of the life of Dr. Hale's hero will remind him irresistibly of the plausible and circumstantial account of the experiences of Defoe's, who was also originally accepted as a genuine person. It is interesting and suggestive to note that by Defoe and by Dr. Hale alike, the realistic method was adopted, primarily, not on artistic grounds, but as a means of deception. Such realism, however, has its legitimate use and artistic justification, and in *The Man Without a Country* it creates the atmosphere of ordinary truth which successfully conceals the discrepancies involved in the scheme of the story. Not only is our ideal sense of justice satisfied after the fashion

of a fairy story by the manner of Philip Nolan's punishment, but the demands of our scepticism and incredulity are satisfied equally by the circumstantiality of the account, by the frankness with which the weak points are admitted, and by all those little external signs in the style that we are wont to associate with the truth, and which we come, therefore, to accept, illogically but naturally, as a guarantee of truth and of good faith.

The editor, already quoted, says also: "The fancy that an officer, even in such circumstances, could live and move and have his being—that he could come into contact with hundreds of men and women, throughout a period covering more than half a century, and yet never hear one syllable of what had passed and was passing in the greatest country on earth, that he could live well into the middle of the fearful War for the Union, and yet never have a hint of the mighty struggle; such a fancy transcends the bounds of possibility." This again is perfectly true, yet we are told with such definiteness of detail the precise way in which this impossibility is achieved, that it never occurs to us to regard it as impossible, or at least until we come later to think it all over calmly. We should, while still reading, as soon think of asking whether it was possible for Robinson Crusoe to do all he is credited with having done on his island. Moreover, the author's skill in inventing incidents to bring home the pathos and impotence of his hero's situation, stimulates the mind of the reader to equal inventiveness, and thus turns him from contemplation of the impossibilities of the situation to its possibilities.

And then there is still one further thing that makes us accept the story as plausible. This is the sympathy for the prisoner evoked on every page. If the punishment which appeals to the imagination, purely because of its logic and appropriateness, were also presented as an act of perfect human justice, the entire effect of the story would be spoiled, because the moral sense of the reader would be re-

volted. But a reconciliation between the real and the ideal is effected through the notion of a judicial error, which makes Nolan a victim while it does not cause him to become any the less an example for those who do not love their country, and would foreswear it. For, it should finally be remarked that, as time wears on, his punishment assumes a more and more spiritual form. The strange imprisonment ceases to have any but an external, symbolic significance, and the true ordeal comes to be Nolan's consciousness of the crime he has committed against the country he learns to love and to value only after he has lost it. Here is to be found the true significance of the story as the imaginative embodiment of a moral and spiritual truth, and the secret of its ultimate appeal to those who dread, not death or any other punishment the law can impose, but the intimate sense of their own guilt and dishonor.

# THE
# MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

I SUPPOSE[1] that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement,

> NOLAN. Died, on board U.S. Corvette *Levant*,[2] Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan.

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinaw,[3] waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble,[4] all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, 'The Man Without a Country.'" For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under

them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise,[1] who never knew that his name was Nolan, or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps*[2] of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown,—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives[3] when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross[4] burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,[5] —who was in the Navy Department when he came home,—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*,"[6] determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be

## A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion [1] of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr [2] made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat,[3] and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life [4] was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated

I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses;* and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake [1] or a cottonwood-tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A Man Without a Country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia [2] of that day undertook to break on the wheel [3] all the possible Clarences [4] of the then House of York, by the great treason-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry [5] in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty [6] on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles,* a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither

with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies[1] escaped,—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy,—

"D——n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan,[2] who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly[3] cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot,"[4] and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian

to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan,[1] it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark[2] for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear[3] her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold,[4] or had cried, "God save King George,"[5] Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with his face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal,[6] take the prisoner to Orleans in an

armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day." [1]

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is,[2] if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* [3] got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he

never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor;[1] and as almost all of this story is traditional,[2] as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw,[3] though I think it was one of the younger men,—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette[4] and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid* some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"Washington" (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

"SIR,—You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations,

and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Resp'y yours,
"W. SOUTHARD, for the
"Sec'y of the Navy."

If I had only preserved[1] the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess[1] liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom,—he always had a stateroom,—which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines[2] or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that

it bore either the initials or the insignia[1] of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*,[2] which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons,"[3] but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod.[4] Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles,[5] or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first

time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing [1] with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* [2] from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic [3] and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read stead-

ily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

> This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?—
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well.

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,

> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High through his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self,—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on,[1] but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into

his stateroom, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio[1] must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,[2]—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,—if, as I say, it was Shaw,—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk,[3] and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous;[4] they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward

bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky [1] to know that till that moment he was going "home." [2] But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps,—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up [3] the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty [4] of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room [5] as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." [6] So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I

never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton[1] herself.

Well,[2] different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*.[3] Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances,"[4] an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band,[5] nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen."[6] But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old Thirteen, gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, "Virginny Reel, if you please!" and "Money-Musk, if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to,—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story[7] I started to tell.—As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at

ease, as I said,—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly, that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillons,[1] or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius,[2] and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly,—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after,—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order: nobody can now: and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths[1] which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion.[2] The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"[3]; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of *Junius*[4] who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways,—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels[5] with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports[6] square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,—who should go to the cockpit[7] with the wounded men, who should stay with him,—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is

going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,[1]—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,—making the raw hands[2] laugh at their own blunders,—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery,[3] sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends[4] agree: that the Commodore said,—

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword,[5] in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said,—

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said,—

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."[6]

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony,[7] and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried

like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands.[1] Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter,—that is the old Essex Porter not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures,[2] ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question[3] about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean.[4] Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.[5]

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was

thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science,[1] one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two

hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;*[1] but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them,—why Linnæus[2] knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman.[3] It was in the first days after our slave-trade treaty,[4] while the Reigning House, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was

sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined,[1] I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain,[2]— a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness[3] beyond account,

and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs [1] knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect [2] and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said,—

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw [3] to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen [4] were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," [5]—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could

understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the *deus ex machina* [1] of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" [2] and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said,—

"He says 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils [3] caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six

months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon.'' [1]

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements [2] were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said,—

''Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon,[3] if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!''

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose [4] with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets [5] and the men gave way, he said to me: ''Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self. while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and

send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch.[1] He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I

owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison.[1] They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*,[2] involving a tremendous blowing-up[3] with which he sunk Burr,—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

Nolan, poor fellow, repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from

his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas[1] was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps, and cut Texas out of it,—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded.[2] So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch[3] happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American Station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses[4] of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit,—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously,——

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence,[5] I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really

one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California,[1] this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say,—

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's[2] curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment,—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more

anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

SINCE writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams[1] and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action[2] for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed,[3] you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed."

Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution[1] on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"Levant, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED,—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine[2] he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced[3] up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings over-

shadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names [1] were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'Oh, Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars [2] in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty [3] seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger,[1] delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated,[2] in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio.[3] My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text,[4] and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California[5] and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.'[6] Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask

about the *Chesapeake*,[1] and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*,[2]—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton[3] and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott,[4] and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.'[5] I told him it was a very gallant officer, named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his head-quarters at Vicksburg.[6] Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vicks's plantation,' said he; 'well that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—

of emigration,[1] and the means of it,—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs,—of inventions and books and literature,[2]—of the colleges and West Point[3] and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe[4] was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.'[5] Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian[6] and the exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol,—and the statues for the pediment,[7]—and Crawford's Liberty,[8]—and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of

water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian *Book of Public Prayer* which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect.[1] 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.[2]

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text,—

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written,—

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,—

IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN

LIEUTENANT

IN THE ARMY OF

THE UNITED STATES

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.

# NOTES

THE hero of this story is, of course, a purely imaginary character. There was, however, a real Philip Nolan, who was killed by one Spanish governor at Waco, Texas, in 1801, while he held the safe-conduct of another. Dr. Hale had seen references to him in the memoirs of General James Wilkinson, commander of the "Legion of the West," as the army on the frontier was then called; and as he wanted a name for his hero, a Western youth, that would be familiar to Western people, he called him Nolan, and made him a brother of the real man. As he believed the latter to have been named Stephen, he christened his own character Philip, on the theory that, as Philip and Stephen were both evangelists in the Bible, the mother who gave one of these names to one son, would give the second to the other. The error was brought speedily to the author's attention by letters he received after the publication of the story, explaining that Philip Nolan had not gone to sea but to Texas. Thus Dr. Hale found himself in the position of having created a fictitious career for a man who had actually lived, and the events of whose life were known. He did not change the name of his character, but later he made reparation to the real Philip Nolan by writing a book entitled *Philip Nolan's Friends.* In this he gave the history of the young adventurer whose fate caused that wave of resentment which ended in the independence of Texas. He also recommended that his statue be placed by the side of that of Sam Houston, president of the Texan Republic. Many who, while they had heard his name, were less familiar with the story of the historic Nolan, believed *The Man Without a Country* to contain the true account of his life and death, and this confusion was one of the causes of its being accepted as an authentic record. It will be noted that although he first speaks of the two Nolans as brothers, the fictitious narrator, Ingham, afterwards refers to them as cousins. This Dr. Hale claimed to have been an intentional slip, designed to give greater plausibility to the account, since such confusions frequently occur in real narratives.

**19, 1. I suppose, etc.** Frederick Ingham, who tells the story in the first person, is supposed to be a retired officer of the United States navy. More than one person assured the author that he had seen this purely fictitious notice.

2. **Corvette Levant.** A corvette is a sloop of war ranking next to a frigate, and carrying not more than twenty guns. The eastern shore of the Mediterranean is called the Levant. Dr. Hale chose this name intentionally, knowing the ship that once bore it was lost. She sailed from Honolulu in 1860, and was never heard of again.

Locate, as closely as possible, the position of the ship when Nolan died. The student will find it interesting to locate the various places mentioned in the narrative.

3. **Mission-House in Mackinaw.** Mackinaw is in the northern part of the State of Michigan. This region was first explored by Jesuits, who established missions to convert the natives.

4. **Stubble.** Here used figuratively with reference to the way in which hungry cattle will devour the dry stalks of previous crops among which springs the new grass.

**20, 1. Three years' cruise.** The regulation length of a long cruise in the United States navy.

2. **Esprit de corps.** A French expression meaning the spirit or sentiment animating a body of men, or the members of the same profession.

3. **Archives.** Public documents, and also the place where these are kept. The **Bureau of Construction** is the branch of the navy department which has charge of the building of new ships and docks, and of the repair of the old ones.

4. **Ross.** General Robert Ross, the commander of the British forces that took and partially destroyed the national capital in 1814.

5. **Crowinshields.** Two brothers, of Salem, Mass. Jacob, 1770–1808, was appointed Secretary of the Navy by Jefferson, but never entered upon the duties of that office, owing to the illness which ended in his death. Benjamin W., 1772–1851, held the same office under Madison. A comparison of dates will therefore show that it could have been neither of these men who was ordered to place Nolan on board a government vessel, as stated a few pages farther on.

6. **Non mi ricordo.** An Italian phrase meaning, "I do not remember."

**21, 1. Legion.** A Roman military term applied to a body of five thousand men; hence any large body of troops may be so designated.

2. **Aaron Burr.** An officer in the Continental army, and Vice-President from 1801 to 1805, the first term of Jefferson's administration. In 1804 he killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. The next year, after retiring from office, he visited the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, with a view of ascertaining the value of the recent acquisition of Louisiana, which included all the country west of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. In 1806 he organized a military expedition, presumably with some idea of taking Texas from Spain and founding an independent empire. Betrayed and arrested by General Wilkinson, who was then in command of the United States army, and with whom Burr had had intimate relations, he was tried for treason at Richmond, but acquitted. He afterwards led a wandering life in Europe for a time, and then returned to New York, where he practised law until the end of his life, in 1836. Burr was the son of Rev. Aaron Burr, president of Princeton College, and grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated New England divine.

3. **Flatboat.** The type of boat formerly used in carrying produce on the Mississippi and other Western rivers whose shallow channels were obstructed by sandbars. These craft, built at the shipping-point, were often broken up and sold for lumber at their destination.

4. **Barrack.** A building used to lodge the soldiers of a garrison.

22, 1. **Canebrake.** A thicket of sugar-cane.

2. **The House of Virginia.** This is a fanciful way of referring to the fact that the leading statesmen of that period were Virginians, and that the first Presidents, with the exception of Adams, were natives of that state.

3. **Break on the wheel.** A barbarous mode of punishment employed in the Middle Ages for the purpose of extorting a confession of guilt.

4. **Clarences of the then House of York.** In 1478 Edward IV, the first English sovereign of the House of York, put to death his brother, the Duke of Clarence, in order to establish more firmly his own hold upon the throne.

5. **Lesser fry.** A colloquialism. The word *fry* is properly used to designate a swarm of fish.

6. **Novelty on their provincial stage.** Here the colloquial metaphor is derived from theatrical parlance. The provinces are those parts of a country remote from the larger cities and capitals. The purely theatrical and empty nature of the demonstration against Burr and his associates is still

further emphasized by the use of the word *spectacles* in the next line. The string of court-martials is a series of trials before courts, composed of military officers, for offences against military discipline. The usual and preferable plural is *courts-martial.*

23, 1. **The big flies.** Another colloquialism, designating the offenders of high rank, in contradistinction to the "lesser fry," of which Nolan was one.

2. **Colonel Morgan.** A fictitious character, like all the others who play active parts in this story, with the exception of Burr.

3. **Cavalierly.** In a proud and disdainful manner. The derivation is from the word *cavalier*, as applied to an adherent of Charles I.

4. **Spanish plot and Orleans plot.** Plots to wrest portions of her dominions from Spain. Previous to 1800 not only Texas, but practically all the country west of the Mississippi, belonged to Spain until, in 1800, she ceded the great tract known as Louisiana to France. Napoleon, in turn, sold this to the United States, in 1803, for $15,000,000.

24, 1. **Nay, my poor Nolan.** Note the change to direct address, and the resultant gain in the dramatic force of the indictment.

2. **Ark.** Local name for the Mississippi flatboat.

3. **He never did hear, etc.** Note how this veiled allusion to the conclusion of the story increases the reader's interest in Nolan's fate, by heightening the suspense.

4. **Benedict Arnold.** American Revolutionary general and traitor to his country (1741–1801).

5. **God save King George.** The customary manner of expressing allegiance to an English sovereign. George IV is the monarch here referred to.

6. **Mr. Marshal.** The formal method of addressing the court officer known as a marshal, whose function it is to execute judicial orders.

25, 1. **Adjourned without day.** "To adjourn" is to suspend business in deliberative or judicial bodies, and "to adjourn without day"—a literal translation of the Latin *sine die*—is to suspend it indefinitely.

2. **Certain, that is, etc.** Note the indirect evidence to the truth of the story skilfully introduced by the casual reference to the fact that others were familiar with the circumstances and had even seen the President's signature affixed to the order. This is much more convincing than if the narrator had claimed to have seen it himself. It is in such

traits of reticence and moderation that lies the secret of success in realistic art.

3. **Nautilus.** Named after a kind of shellfish, in shape resembling a ship. See Holmes's poem, "The Chambered Nautilus."

**26, 1. Out of favor.** The Republican Presidents wished to reduce the strength of the navy or to abolish it altogether. Its value as an instrument of national defense was, however, proved to all parties by the War of 1812, when it alone showed efficiency, and reflected glory upon the country.

2. **Traditional.** Passed on from generation to generation by word of mouth.

3. **Tingey or Shaw.** Thomas Tingey, born in London, 1750, died in Washington in 1829. He served in the British navy, but came to America before the Revolution and owned ships. At the outbreak of the war he entered the Continental navy. He also served in the United States navy during the brief war with France, 1798. He was placed in charge of the Washington navy yard in 1804, and remained at that post for the rest of his life, except when the capital fell into the hands of the British, so that Nolan could not have made his first cruise with him. Shaw was another of the elder officers who had seen service in the Revolution.

4. **Etiquette.** A code of conduct governing manners and social functions.

**27, 1. If I had only preserved, etc.** Again a touch of realistic reserve. As this paper is fictitious, it would have been as easy and simple to invent the original as a paraphrase of it.

**28, 1. Mess.** A set of officers who eat at the same table on shipboard.

2. **Marines.** Members of that branch of the army which is designed for service on shipboard.

**29, 1. Insignia.** Badges of distinction.

2. **Brandywine.** Named from the Revolutionary battle on the banks of that river in Pennsylvania (1777).

3. **We boys called them "Dons."** That is, the midshipmen thus designated their officers. The word *Don* is the usual term of respect applied to a Spanish gentleman.

4. **Hesiod.** An early Greek poet.

5. **Napoleon's battles.** The French emperor was then at the height of his career. **George Canning** was a great English statesman who, as prime minister, organized and animated European opposition to Napoleon (1770–1827).

**30. 1. The civil thing.** Colloquial for an act of courtesy.

2. **The Tempest . . . Bermudas.** The reference to the Bermudas in Shakespeare's play is as follows (Act I, Sc. ii, Ariel speaks):

> Safely in harbor
> Is the king's ship; in the deep nooks, where once
> Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
> From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid.

3. **Magic.** The science and art of evoking spirits and of performing marvelous feats. **Border chivalry** refers to the knights and nobles who lived on both sides of the boundary between England and Scotland, and maintained a state of war throughout the Middle Ages. **Ten thousand years ago** is an exaggeration, to give an impression of the ignorance of the auditors concerning the events of which Scott wrote in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

**31, 1. Could not go on.** The rest of the passage is—

> The wretch, concentred all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

**32, 1. Braggadocio.** Boasting, swagger, after a character in Spenser's *Faërie Queen.*

2. **Flechier's sermons.** Esprit Fléchier (1632–1710), a French poet, priest, and bishop, and a famous pulpit orator at the court of Louis XIV.

3. **Salt-junk.** Salt meat, the only kind that would keep on shipboard. So called because it was as hard and tough as old rope-ends. Ropes were called junk because they were once made of bulrushes, the Latin name for which is *juncus.*

4. **Rendezvous.** A French word signifying a place of meeting agreed upon beforehand.

**33, 1. Signs of the sky.** Sailors, when out of sight of land, are able to determine their exact position by their observations of the sun and stars.

2. **"Home."** Put in quotation marks to enlarge the significance of the word by suggesting all its associations.

3. **Up the Mediterranean.** This being an enclosed sea, it is possible to speak of it as if it were a lake or river.

4. **Celebrated Southern beauty.** In the Southern states before the Civil War, a "belle" enjoyed a reputation nearly as great and extended as that of a great soldier or statesman.

5. **Take up so much room,** etc. A reference to the hoop-skirts in vogue during the '60's of the last century in this country and in Europe. Evidently the *Warren* was a small ship.

6. **Intelligence.** This word is often used, especially in the military and diplomatic world, as a synonym for *news* or *information.*

34, 1. **Lady Hamilton.** Lady Emma Hamilton was the wife of the English ambassador to Naples in 1798, when the British, under Lord Nelson, were at that city. She was a famous beauty and a conspicuous figure in the cosmopolitan society of Naples.

2. **Well.** A colloquial manner of resuming the thread of a discourse interrupted by some digression, and thus another instance of the author's attempt to give his story an air of plainness and truth.

3. **Contretemps.** A French word, meaning any untoward occurrence.

4. **American dances.** Informal, romping dances that originated in the Southern states of America in colonial times. Some of them are enumerated a few lines below. All these "American dances" are contra-dances, since the partners stand in two lines facing each other. The form here given is the correct one. It is often corrupted to *country-dances.*

5. **Black band.** A band of negro musicians.

6. **The Old Thirteen.** The point of this incident lies, of course, in the reference to the thirteen original states of the Union. To have mentioned this dance by name, would have been to violate the terms of Nolan's punishment.

7. **But that is not the story,** etc. Again a skilful use of the digression.

35, 1. **Cotillons.** Dances with figures, where only a certain number of couples dance at a time, thus giving the others opportunity for conversation.

2. **Vesuvius.** A volcano near Naples in Italy. **The French;** that is, the fortunes of the French arms in various parts of Europe.

36, 1. **Myths.** Primarily fables embodying a certain moral or religious element, but, in common usage, all unfounded statements or rumors.

2. **Legion.** Another use of this word to express a great number.

3. **Iron Mask.** A reference to a famous historic mystery of the time of Louis XIV. "The Man in the Iron Mask"

was a prisoner who went by the name of Lestang, but whose real identity has never been disclosed. By some, he is thought to have been an Italian; by others, a twin brother of Louis himself.

4. **Junius.** The Letters of "Junius" was a series of communications on political subjects that appeared in an English periodical, the *Public Advertiser*, from 1769 to 1772. The authorship of these letters remains unknown, though many guesses have been made. A libel is a malicious attack, made in writing, on the character of a man.

5. **Great frigate-duels, etc.** The first of these battles was the fight of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, August 19, 1812. There were sixteen altogether, of which the American ships won thirteen. It is common to speak of a soldier or a ship as having received a "baptism of fire" when either has been in action for the first time.

6. **Ports.** The openings pierced in the side of a ship, through which the guns are directed. Hence, commonly, all openings in the sides of ships, and a nautical equivalent for windows. The adjective **square** is used for the adverb *squarely*.

7. **Cockpit.** A space or compartment in the interior of a ship used as a hospital for the wounded during an action.

**37, 1. Struck.** That is, lowered its flag, in sign of surrender.

2. **Raw hands.** New and inexperienced men, recruits.

3. **Artillery.** Nolan had been an artillery officer in the army before his arrest, trial, and imprisonment; hence the value of his experience in the present instance.

4. **Legends.** Stories passed on from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation. It is thus nearly a synonym of *myths* in the popular sense in which we have already seen that word used.

5. **Had the Englishman's sword.** In the ceremony of surrender, the vanquished officer hands his sword to the conqueror. The quarter-deck is the part of the deck of a ship between the stern and the mainmast reserved for the officers.

6. **Despatches.** The account of the engagement sent by the commanding officer to the Navy Department, in which all those who have performed conspicuous acts of bravery are mentioned and recommended for honors or promotion.

7. **Sword of ceremony.** A dress sword worn on special occasions with full uniform. It is, in the present instance,

further characterized, on the next page, as a "quaint old French sword." The commodore may have received this as a gift during the Revolution, when French and Americans fought side by side, or it may have been surrendered to him by a French officer during the naval war with France in 1798.

38, 1. **Nukahiwa Islands.** The Marquesas; these islands in the South Pacific were taken by Captain Porter in 1813. He was then in command of the frigate *Essex*. Later, his son, the more celebrated Admiral Porter, who commanded the United States naval forces in the Gulf of Mexico at the time the story was written, was also associated with a vessel named the *Essex*. Hence the name "Essex," which Porter applied to each, and the care taken by the narrator to distinguish between them. Both the Porters had the same Christian name, David.

2. **Embrasures, ravelins, stockades.** All three are technical terms employed in the art of fortification.

3. **Settled all the question, etc.** Because the strict letter of Nolan's sentence would have been obeyed, and yet, at the same time, he would have been given a useful occupation and a means of redemption through the performance of a service for the country he had thrown away.

4. **One station in the Pacific Ocean.** When this story was written, the United States did not, of course, possess the Hawaiian Islands.

5. **Flung all that away.** Through what we should call to-day their anti-militaristic and anti-imperialistic policy.

39, 1. **Natural science.** Man's knowledge of the world in which he lives.

40, 1. **Lepidoptera or Steptopotera.** Greek names describing varieties of insects. The former include moths and butterflies.

2. **Linnæus.** The great Swedish botanist, 1707–1778. By **John Foy** no particular idiot is intended.

3. **Midshipman.** The lowest rank of naval officer, a naval cadet.

4. **Slave-trade treaty.** The United States and England mutually bound themselves, by the terms of the Peace of Ghent, 1814, to do all in their power to extinguish the slave trade. The **Middle Passage** was the passage from the west coast of Africa, whence most of the slaves were brought to America.

41, 1. **Joined.** That is, joined the ship as an officer.

2. **Lay chaplain.** A chaplain who was the ordained priest or minister of no sect or denomination.

3. **Nastiness beyond account, etc.** Both the verbs are omitted in this sentence to make the statement stronger and the picture more vivid.

42, 1. **Handcuffs and anklecuffs.** Bands of metal placed about the wrist and ankles of a prisoner, and either riveted on or locked. The rest of this sentence is a semi-humorous understatement of the fact that the slave-traders were themselves made prisoners. This is a characteristic of American humor, as much as exaggeration.

2. **Dialect and patois of a dialect.** A *dialect* is a language used in a limited region and by a limited number of people. A *patois* is a corrupt dialect used by the lower classes. **Zulu click** is a reference to the peculiar clicking sound made by the natives of South Africa in speaking their language; and **Beledeljereed** is an Arab name, meaning "The Land of Dates," formerly applied to the southern part of Algeria.

3. **Choctaw.** The name of a tribe of American Indians. A general name for all Indian dialects, and, finally, for whatever is completely unintelligible. The word *Greek* is used in precisely the same way: "It's all Greek to me."

4. **Kroomen.** Negroes from a section of the west coast of Africa.

5. **Put that into Spanish.** The phrase is General Taylor's. When Santa Aña brought up his immense army at Buena Vista, he sent a flag of truce to invite Taylor to surrender. "Tell him to go to hell," said old Rough-and-Ready. "Bliss, put that into Spanish." "Perfect Bliss," as this accomplished officer, too early lost, was called, interpreted liberally, replying to the flag, in exquisite Castilian, "Say to General Santa Aña that, if he wants us, he must come and take us." And this is the answer which has gone into history. [AUTHOR'S NOTE.]

43, 1. **Deus ex machina.** A Latin expression which, translated literally, means "the god from the car." The reference is to the theatrical device by which the actor impersonating a god was lowered to the stage of the ancient theater, where he brought the play to a happy conclusion. The phrase thus has come to be applied to any intervention from without that solves a difficult situation.

2. **"Ah, non Palmas."** Portuguese words, meaning, as translated a few lines farther on: "Not Palmas."

3. **Devils.** The slave-traders. The slaves had only too much reason to regard those who forced them away from their homes and families, and subjected them to inhuman brutalities, as devils.

**44, 1. Barracoon.** The stockade or enclosure where the slaves were herded previous to their shipment.

2. **The very elements were melting,** etc. A reference to the way in which nature seems to reflect human emotion and to sympathize with it. Here the heat of the tropics seemed one with the heat of the passion of the men themselves, and the result of it.

3. **Mountains of the Moon.** A range of mountains in Central Africa. **The Great White Desert** is a vague and general reference to the Sahara.

4. **Rub his nose.** A way of expressing gratitude and affection among savages, as among animals.

5. **Stern-sheets.** The space in the stern of a rowboat where the coxswain sits to steer.

**45, 1. Watch.** The period of time during which it is the duty of an officer to be on deck. The twenty-four hours of the day are divided into six watches of four hours each, and are announced by a bell ringing every half hour from one to eight times.

**46, 1. Getting a ghost out of prison.** Since Nolan's existence was officially ignored, he was, to all intents and purposes, dead.

2. **Ben trovato.** An Italian expression, meaning cleverly invented.

3. **A tremendous blowing-up,** etc. The image, natural in the mouth of a naval officer, is that of a sea-fight where a shot from one vessel ignites the powder-magazine of another, thus blowing it up and sinking it. The meaning is, of course, that Nolan overwhelmed Burr with reproaches and left him without anything to say in his own defence.

**47, 1. Texas was annexed.** 1845.

2. **Old Burr had succeeded.** That is, in the enterprise which had been Nolan's undoing. (See note on Aaron Burr, p. 59.)

3. **Botch.** Mess, blunder.

4. **Half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres.** This city is the capital of the Argentine Republic, but the name here seems to be applied in a general sense to the great plain in which the city is situated, and over which horses roamed in great herds before the introduction of cattle-raising.

5. **The Mexicans got their independence.** 1821.

**48, 1. California.** Acquired from Mexico by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, together with the present states of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico.

2. **Captain Back's . . . Sir Thomas Roe.** Sir George

Back, an English Arctic explorer, 1796–1878. Sir Thomas Roe, 1580?–1644. The reference to these two men is irrelevant, and is introduced merely to turn the conversation.

49, 1. **Vallandighams and Tatnalls.** Clement Laird Vallandigham, 1820–1871. Born in Ohio, this fanatical States-Right Democrat pursued a political career in his native state until he was elected a member of the House of Representatives. Both in Congress and outside, after his term had expired, he attacked Lincoln's administration with such virulence that, in 1863, he was finally arrested by order of General Burnside, tried before a court martial, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Fort Warren. Lincoln commuted this sentence and ordered his deportation within the Confederate lines. Making his way to Bermuda and thence to Canada, he was finally allowed to return to the United States, where, in 1864, he was given the Democratic nomination for governor of Ohio, but was defeated by an overwhelming vote. While acting as counsel in a murder trial, he accidentally shot and killed himself with a revolver with which he was illustrating the manner in which the murder was committed.

Josiah Tatnall was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1795; was educated in England; and entered the United States navy in 1812. He served with Decatur in the Algerine War, and in 1859, when he was criticized for giving assistance to British gunboats in China, he offered as his defence, the famous phrase, "Blood is thicker than water." At the outbreak of the war, he entered the Confederate navy, and was the captain of the *Merrimac* in its fight with the *Monitor*. The significance of the citation of these two names is obvious, and the reference to them throws a flood of light upon the precise contemporary mood in which the story was written by Dr. Hale, and received by the public.

2. **Action.** Suit or prosecution.

3. **If you succeed, etc.** The situation in which a naval or military commander frequently finds himself, and which forces him to act on his own responsibility.

50, 1. **I expose myself to a criminal prosecution.** Because his knowledge made him an accomplice, or an accessory after the act, according to the theory of the law.

2. **Shrine.** A sacred place. We now get our first glimpse into the heart of the man, and begin to see what had gone on within all the intervening years.

3. **Triced.** Hauled up and held by a rope. **The majestic eagle** is the bald-headed or Rocky Mountain eagle which is

the national bird of America, commonly represented as here described.

51, 1. **Quaint, queer old names.** Because they had long since been superseded on the map by the names of the states that had been cut out of these territories.

2. **Thirty-four stars.** What states did these represent?

3. **Sovereignty.** The exercise of supreme and independent power.

52, 1. **Danger or no danger, etc.** Danforth was, of course, directly violating the law in thus revealing to Nolan all that had happened in the United States during his imprisonment.

2. **Expiated.** Had made satisfaction or reparation for.

3. **Ohio.** Admitted to the Union in 1803. Kentucky was admitted in 1792; Michigan in 1837; Indiana in 1816; and Mississippi in 1817.

4. **Text.** Primarily a verse or passage of Scripture, quoted as the theme of a sermon. Hence the suggestion for any discourse.

5. **California and Oregon.** Admitted to the Union in 1850 and 1859, respectively.

6. **Brought off a good deal besides furs.** That is, they came back intoxicated.

53, 1. **Chesapeake . . . Barron.** In 1807 the United States frigate *Chesapeake* was met at sea by the English frigate *Leopard*, whose captain insisted on searching the American ship for deserters. As the latter was not prepared for fighting, Barron, her commander, having been fired upon when he sought to escape, was obliged to strike his colors. Tried before a board of inquiry, he was suspended for several years as a result of this affair, but afterward became a commodore. It was largely England's assertion of her search-right that caused the United States to declare war upon her in 1812. This, of course, is the war referred to below as the English war.

2. **Java.** A British frigate taken by the *Constitution*. The narrator had previously declared his ignorance of the ship on which this incident occurred. Doubtless this is another intentional slip on the part of the author.

3. **Robert Fulton.** Inventor of the steamboat, whose *Clermont* made her first trip on the Hudson in 1807. The introduction of steam navigation on the Mississippi and other rivers, and on the Great Lakes, followed rapidly.

4. **Old Scott and Jackson.** General Winfield Scott, a commander in the War of 1812, and also in the Mexican War.

He was even active in the first stages of the Civil War, having charge of the Army of the Potomac, until he was superseded by McClellan. He lived until 1866. General Andrew Jackson (1767–1845) won the battle of New Orleans, and was seventh President of the United States.

5. **Legion of the West.** As will be seen, Nolan knew nothing of the Civil War, so that when Danforth tells him that "a very gallant young officer named Grant" was its commander, he thought of it merely as the frontier force he had served with, and not as a great army engaged in civil warfare. There is thus a touch here of that double understanding, or the interpretation of the same words in two senses by two different characters, to which the name of "Shakespearean irony" has been given because of its frequent occurrence as a telling dramatic device, in the plays of that poet.

6. **Vicksburg.** This strongly fortified city on the Mississippi surrendered to Grant on July 4, 1863.

**54, 1. Emigration, etc.** The great movement of population from the East to the West, and especially to California after the discovery of gold in 1849. The means of this emigration were principally flatboats and prairie wagons. The first engines for railroads were brought from England to this country in 1829. From 23 miles in 1830, the railroad lines had grown to 2,000 in 1840. S. F. B. Morse, a New York artist, completed his first rough working-model of the electric telegraph in 1836, but the invention did not come into use until 1844.

2. **Books and literature.** Since Nolan had begun his strange imprisonment, American literature had come into existence. Its beginnings are usually dated from the appearance of Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York* in 1809.

3. **West Point.** The United States Military Academy was established in 1794, so that Nolan must already have been familiar with this institution. The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was established in 1845.

4. **Old Abe.** Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), sixteenth President of the United States. General Benjamin Lincoln (1733–1800) was an American Revolutionary general.

5. **First families.** "The First Families of Virginia" is a familiar way of referring to the aristocracy of that state.

6. **Smithsonian, etc.** The Smithsonian Institution at Washington was founded by an English physicist, James Lewis Mace Smithson (1765–1829), "for the increase and dif-

fusion of knowledge among men." The exploring expedition under Lewis and Clarke was sent by Jefferson to explore the country north of California and west of the Rocky Mountains. As this was in 1804 Nolan must have known something of it.

7. **Pediment.** The triangular ornamental facing of a portico. See pictures of the Capitol at Washington (referred to in the text), the Parthenon, and other buildings in the classic style of architecture.

8. **Crawford's Liberty.** Thomas Crawford, American sculptor (1814–1857); his bronze statue of Liberty surmounts the dome of the Capitol at Washington. Horatio Greenough's (1805–1852) colossal statue of Washington stood in front of the Capitol.

55, 1. **Episcopal collect.** The Protestant Episcopal Church is the American branch of the Church of England. The collect is a brief prayer adapted to a special day or occasion.

2. **Order of Cincinnati.** An organization established by the officers of the American Revolutionary army, to which their descendants are eligible. The name is derived from that of the Roman, Cincinnatus, who left the plough to go to the aid of the republic and returned to his farm when the war was over. Hence, a type of republican simplicity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

# RIP VAN WINKLE

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

## WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving was born in New York City April 3, 1783, the youngest of eleven children of William and Sarah Irving. His father, a Scotch seaman, settled in New York twenty years before and was established in trade. He was a man of great probity and honor, but a strict disciplinarian. From his mother Irving inherited that geniality which distinguished him in life as well as in his writings.

Irving's father, though not a wealthy man, gave two of his sons a college education, but the youngest did not have this advantage, perhaps because of ill health. His education began when he was four years old and continued in a desultory fashion until 1799. For some years after the latter date he pursued the study of law in an irregular way. His health, however, was not of the best, and in 1804 he was sent abroad in the hope of improving it. He was successful in his search for strength, and also in the attainment of those refinements which the Old World could offer to a susceptible mind. The grandeur of Rome, the gay beauty of Paris, and the busy throngs of London all had their influence on him. He saw Nelson's fleet going to Trafalgar, and later was awed at the scene of the great admiral lying in state. The actress, Mrs. Siddons, charmed him,—the theater was a forbidden pleasure of his youth,—and by many another experience was his mind stocked with the impressions which colored his later work.

In 1806 Irving returned to New York, and with his brother William and James K. Paulding founded *Salmagundi,* a periodical of the same type as the *Spectator.* At this time, too, occurred an event which had great influence on his life and gave his writings a deeper and richer note.

This was the death of Miss Hoffman, daughter of his legal instructor, to whom he was attached with an affection that lasted till his death. "When I became once more calm and collected," writes Irving, "I applied myself, by way of occupation, to the finishing of my work."

This work was the *History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. The book is a burlesque history of New York under the dominion of the Dutch, filled with boisterous humor, and giving a lifelike picture of the town where "burgomasters were chosen by weight." When it was published, in 1809, it met with an immediate success and established the author's reputation so well that when, in 1815, he sailed for Europe the second time, he was assured of admission to the literary circles of the Old World.

In the meantime Irving had become a partner in a commercial house established by his brother in England and New York. At the time of his arrival in Europe this business was seriously threatened. He worked with unusual energy to resuscitate the lost property, but the firm failed in 1818 and Irving was thrown on his resources. He refused the offer of a position in the navy department with a salary of $2500, feeling that he could do better with his pen. His feeling was justified, for in 1819 the first papers of his *Sketch-Book* began to appear in New York and Philadelphia, and in the following year John Murray published the work in London. It was received with enthusiasm, and Irving was at once recognized as one of the leading writers of the day. All approved his kindliness, his gentle humor,—more refined than in his earlier work,—and the charming fancy which, though it be not the fire of imagination possessed by the supreme writers, nevertheless imparts a lasting attraction to his work. In 1822 appeared *Bracebridge Hall;* in 1824, *Tales of a Traveler.*

Soon after the publication of the latter work, having been commissioned to make some translations from the Spanish

Irving proceeded to Madrid. Here he wrote *The Life of Columbus*, which brought him forward as a serious historian. To this stay we also owe those delightful books, *The Conquest of Granada* and *Tales of the Alhambra*, the latter published at the end of a stay of three years in London as Secretary of Legation.

In 1832, the recipient of many honors, Irving set sail for the home from which he had been absent seventeen years. He was received by the nation with enthusiasm and was much sought after by all, never losing, however, his characteristic modesty. During the next ten years, residing at Sunnyside, his home on the Hudson, and traveling over his native country, he produced his *Tour on the Prairies* (1835), *Astoria* (1836), and *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837).

In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain, where he remained four years, returning in 1846. His remaining works were biographies, with the exception of *Wolfert's Roost* (1854). In 1849 appeared the *Life of Mahomet* and the *Life of Goldsmith*—the latter a subject for which Irving was especially fitted by the sympathy of his spirit with that of the poet; and finally, in 1859, appeared the fifth and last volume—the first came out in 1852—of his *Life of Washington*. This presents a clear, accurate, and often vivid picture of the great general and his times, but it lacks some of the vigor and charm of Irving's earlier works.

His last years were passed at Sunnyside, in the midst of the beautiful scenes which he has immortalized. He died November 28, 1859, the same year with Prescott, the historian, and Macaulay. A friend who saw much of our author in his latter days thus describes him: "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose, which might perhaps be called large; a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. I should call him of medium height, about five feet

and nine inches, and inclined to be a trifle stout. His smile was exceedingly genial, lighting up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while, if he were about to say anything humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes even before his words were spoken."

In one of his charming Easy Chair essays, George William Curtis says: "Irving was as quaint a figure as the Diedrich Knickerbocker in the preliminary advertisement of the *History of New York*. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon, tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with low quartered shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the association of his writing. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all selfconsciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

# RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.

—CARTWRIGHT.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province, during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now, that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory, to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger,"* and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New Year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the

*Vide the excellent discourse of G. C. Verplanck, Esq., before the New York Historical Society.

clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of the fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured

man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked these matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It

could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run errands, and to do such odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van

Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener from constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to

the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased he would inhale and smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred

from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say; "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of the precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud

or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted from the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place,

but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip

and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves,

yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowerd, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the

bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece he found an old firelock lying beside him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preced-

ing evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat sur-

prised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—stranges faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely at it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe,

expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly meta-

morphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty —Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short, but busy, fellow pulled him

by the arm, and rising on tiptoe inquired in his ear "whether he was a Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King—God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man inquired in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand. War—Congress—Stony Point! He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair: "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity,

and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else; that's me yonder—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain—and they've changed my gun—and everything's changed—and I'm changed—and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, the poor man! his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with

his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him. But whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook

his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-Moon,* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-funished house and a stout,

cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to work at anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor—how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England; and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George III, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he

pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.—The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart* and the Kypphauser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know

the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

# NOTES

*The numbers before the notes refer to the page on which the words occur.*

**79. Diedrich Knickerbocker.** A quaint old Dutch littérateur, a fictitious character, originated by Irving and assumed by him to be the author of Knickerbocker's *History of New York.* Besides the MS. of the History, Diedrich left other papers and documents at his death ready for publication. He is represented as a small, brisk-looking old gentleman dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat.

**80. Waterloo Medal.** A medal given to British soldiers who took part in the battle of Waterloo, 1815.

**Queen Anne's Farthing.** There is a common belief in England that only three specimens of the farthing of Queen Anne are in existence, and that of these three two are in the possession of the Government. The third would consequently be of very great value. As a matter of fact, the coin is not particularly rare.

**Kaatskill.** Catskill, a range of mountains in Eastern New York.

**Appalachian Family.** Referring to the Appalachian range of mountains, which extends 1500 miles along the eastern portion of the United States, from Alabama to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and includes the White, Green, Adirondack, Catskill, and Alleghany Mountains.

**81. Peter Stuyvesant.** The last of the Dutch governors of the colony of New Netherlands, now New York. As governor, he tried in every way to preserve peace with the Indians, to encourage trade and agriculture, and to induce settling.

**Province of Great Britain.** The English under the Duke of York took control of New Netherlands, and changed its name to New York.

**Fort Christina.** A fort belonging to the Swedish settlers in Delaware.

**82. Curtain Lecture.** A private reproof given by a wife to her husband.

**84. Galligaskins.** A kind of leggings, supposed to take their name from the Latin words *caligæ Vasconum*, meaning hose worn by the people of Gascony, France.

**85. Gallows Air.** With the appearance of one on the gallows and about to be hanged; meek; a "hang-dog" look.

**George III.** King of England, began to reign 1760, died 1820.

**86. Junto.** A select deliberative assembly.

**91. Hollands.** Gin imported from Holland.

**95. Red night-cap.** During the French Revolution the red cap was regarded as the symbol of liberty. Irving represents the villagers as having erected a liberty-pole with a red cap on its top, and flung the American flag to the breezes, thereby celebating the recently-acquired independence of the country.

**96. Phlegm.** From a Greek word meaning inflammation. Here the word simply means dullness, sluggishness, stupidity.

**Babylonish Jargon.** Babylon is supposed to have stood on the spot where the Tower of Babel was built; confused, unintelligible. **Jargon,** confused talk or language, gabble.

**97. Federal or Democrat.** At the time of the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the members of one political party favored it and were called Federalists; the members of the other opposed it and were called Democrats. These two parties had opposite views also concerning the foreign and domestic policy of the new nation.

**Tory.** During the Revolution, one who opposed the war and favored the claims of Great Britain was called a Tory.

**98. Stony Point.** A rocky promontory on the Hudson River. A fort on its top was captured from the British by General Anthony Wayne in 1779, by a brilliant assault.

**Anthony's Nose.** Fanciful name of another rocky promontory on the Hudson.

**103. Frederick der Rothbart.** Generally called in English Frederick Barbarossa. Frederick I (1152-90), Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, was one of the most striking characters of the Middle Ages. He went on several crusades and fought wars all over Europe.

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